

# The Netherton Ball ;

To which are added,

Bonny Jean, and

A Popular New Song,

AIR—*Logan Braes.*



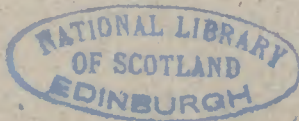
---

STIRLING :

PRINTED BY W. MACNIE,

---

1825.



---

## THE NETHERTON BALL.

When Autumn was sicken'd and over,  
Hansel-Monday it came at last,  
Anxious engag'd was each lover,  
That night in good humour to pass.  
The dubs had their cauld icy coat on,  
And keen blew the wind o'er the hill;  
But aff to the Netherton barn,  
They would be to dance a' their fill.

Some lads a' their lasses had trysted,  
And ithers did venture on chance,  
'Bought eighty, they say, were collected  
That night on the floor for to dance.  
There's Willie and Sam frae the Laracks,  
And Moll she was fair to be seen;  
But wha was sae saucy's the dandy,  
That cam frae the Rue, even Jean.

There's Corntawn Johnnie, and Geordie  
I trow is a braw decent man,  
Assisted in mixing the toddy  
And handing about of the can.

Though Betsey she stuck close by Dunean,  
 Her features were mild, sweet and meek,  
 And fairer than the dewy roses,  
 The colours of this lass's cheek.

To be such assembly collected,  
 They behaved a' wonderous weel;  
 There's none was more modest and decent,  
 Than they frae auld Doune and the Mill.  
 But ane I do think was amang them,  
 For beauty none did her excel,  
 Like lillies and roses entwined,  
 Sweet Jessie she did bear the bell.

The town and the country were jovial,  
 And finely agree they did all,  
 And blythe as the lark in the morning;  
 When they did return frae the ball.  
 The lads and the lasses from Deanston,  
 And about Doune and the Mill,  
 Combin'd in good humour each other,  
 And parted a' friends o'er a gill.

---

BONNY JEAN.

Of a the airts the wind can blaw,  
 I dearly like the west,

For there the bonny lassie lives,  
 The lassie I loe best ;  
 There wild-woods grow, and rivers row,  
 And mony a hill between ;  
 But day and night my fancy's flight,  
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,  
 I see her sweet and fair,  
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,  
 I hear her charm the air :  
 There's not a bonnie flower that springs,  
 By fountain, shaw or green.  
 There's not a bonnie bird that sings,  
 But minds me o' my Jean.

Upon the banks of flowing Clyde,  
 The lasses busk them braw ;  
 But when their best they hae put on,  
 My Jeanie dings them a' ;  
 In hamely weeds she far exceeds,  
 The fairest of the town ;  
 Baith grave and gay confess it sae,  
 Tho' dress'd in russet gown.

The gamesome lamb that sucks the dame,  
 Mair harmless canna be ;  
 She has nae faut (if sic we ca't)  
 Except her love to me :  
 The sparkling dew, of clearest hue,  
 Is like her shining een ;  
 In shape an' air wha caa compare,  
 Wi' my sweet lovely Jean.

O blaw ye westlin win's, blaw east,  
 Among the leafy trees,  
 Wi' gentle breath, frae muir an' dale,  
 Bring hame the laden bees,  
 An' bring the lassie back to me,  
 That's ay sae neat and clea ;  
 Ae blink o' her wad banish care,,  
 Sae charming is my Jean.

What sighs and vows amang the knowes,  
 Hae past atween us twa ;  
 How fain to meet and wae to part,  
 That day she gade awa.  
 The pow'rs aboon can only ken,  
 To whom the heart is seen,  
 That nane can be sae dear to me,  
 As my sweet lovely Jean.

---

A POPULAR NEW SONG.

AIR—*Logan Streams.*

Come all and listen, the news is sad,  
 for our young men are surely mad  
 Their flesh is very nigh their bones—  
 they feed your lasses on tough scones.

Now since you have the tooth-ach ta'en,  
 and ye can hardly walk your lane:  
 The scones we would have rather boil'd,  
 than ha'en your teeth so sorely spoil'd.

Young lasses you have now ga'en mad:  
 to tell your teeth so soon turned bad;  
 You'll no get sale but in the dark—  
 for we'er afraid you have lost mark.

You must go now and burn your jaws,  
 then file your teeth like the auld saws;  
 For if that you cannot eat scones,  
 you'll no can gang through our Carris loams.

O lasses you must now take care,  
 your head and teeth are spoil'd so sair;  
 Do not eat any thing that's tough,  
 since your young mouths' are turned so rough.

Your teeth are chatter'd now so sair,  
 you'll have to eat something that's rare;  
 You must get meat that's soft and fine—  
 on sowans and butter you must dine.

If we can neither call nor pay,  
 no longer in this place we'el stay;  
 To come to you we'er fairly set,  
 the change-house breeding for to get.

Since on our breeding you're so sair,  
 a lesson fit you must prepare;  
 To come for that to such a place,  
 is ga'en to die for to seek grace—

O we will keep our heads abean,  
 and will not wear a' your auld shoon;  
 For a' your din and a' your jaws:  
 keep your ain fish-guts to your ain sea maws.

O lasses now take our advice  
 for now's the time for to be wise;  
 If scones and ale you get by chance,  
 learn to think twice, or you speak once.

Then ye may jaw as lang's you like,  
 and sport a-while at boag or dyke;  
 Do not begin for to tell lies—  
 mind a close mouth doth catch no flies.

Our song to end we do prepare,  
 we don't pretend to have much lair;—  
 We dinna like to let you gang,  
 we a that jaw ye have so lang.

FINIS.